

The Student's Pen



VOL. VI

NO. 1

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

October Number 1920

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1920 Oct

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



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"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly By The Students Of The Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. VI

OCTOBER 1920

NO. 1

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Until now the Student's Pen has been given to the students of P. H. S., along with basketball, baseball and football season tickets for the nominal sum of five cents a week. It is plain that you do not realize just what you are getting. With the supposition that there are eight games in each season and that you attend each game, and also that P. H. S. charged as most high schools do, you would pay exactly six dollars to see said games. In reality you are paying approximately one dollar and fifty cents. And you get the STU-

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DENT'S PEN also. In most schools they are paying from ten to twenty-five cents a copy. It almost seems that you people consider the Pen not worth having, otherwise you would be more generous with your contributions. It has been proposed to separate the paper from the athletic privileges and charge the sum of ten cents per copy. If such a thing should take place, we ask and rightly expect the support of P. H. S. students. An unfortunate condition prevails on the staff, namely, it is composed entirely of members from the senior class. This will leave the paper in entirely inexperienced hands next September unless strenuous measures are taken to prevent it. A plan has come to our notice whereby we hope to forestall any such direful fate for our beloved Pen. It is this: Each member of the staff will choose from one of the three under-classes, some one who will do part of the work of that department under his or her able supervision. And in September provided the work has been done faithfully, said person will become an editor in that department where he has been working. From the best of these people there will be chosen one for editor-in-chief. Until now a position on the staff has not been regarded as of any importance, but we feel that one of the highest honors the school affords is to hold such a position. It is in this light that we expect the members of the training staff to accept a position and execute their duties. Our highest aim and our predominant thoughts in taking such a measure were that the Student's Pen may become a leading light among school papers and that it may be prepared to hold the lead after we have placed it in that position.

Owing to inevitable circumstances the graduation issue of the Student's Pen did not appear. Therefore we are combining it with this issue.

Mr. Hulsman

It was with the greatest regret that we heard last month of the resignation of our principal, Mr. Hulsman. Mr. Hulsman's period as the head of our school has been marked by steady advancement, from a financial as well as an educational viewpoint.

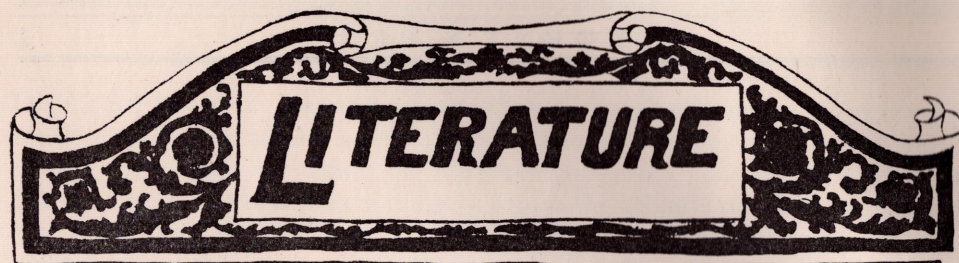
When Mr. Hulsman entered upon his duties in this school, the school owed many debts for athletic activities, some of these were of long-standing. The money which was made by the teams barely paid the current expenses, and when a team had a poor season, bills accumulated. In this way the school became burdened with old debts. He realized that this condition was one that ought to be remedied. His first move was to inaugurate the penny collection. The money obtained from this collection was to be applied to the old debts. This collection, served very well the purpose for which it was originated but after awhile it seemed advisable to increase the collection to a nickel a week and give the pupil in return a ticket to all home games, a copy of the "Student's Pen," and a membership to the athletic Association. This plan has worked so well that Mr. Hulsman is leaving the school with a clean record, with all current and old debts paid. The school is greatly indebted to Mr. Hulsman for this accomplishment.

However, Mr. Hulsman's usefulness to the school did not cease at this point. He was ever on the alert for any improvement that could be made. He was a strong advocate for a new high school for Pittsfield.

Some of the rules and regulations which he made and caused to be enforced may have seemed irksome, and perhaps we were inclined to think him rather hard, but if we stop to consider, we will find that our betterment was the underlying principle of them all.

Mr. Hulsman is to engage in business in this city, and we may feel sure that he will have our welfare always at heart. All the school trusts that he will be as successful in his new venture as he has been as our principal.

Frances Fowler '21



"The Squeeze Play"

"Not a Baseball Story"

Room 16, in Creton Hall, was at the further end of the corridor, but should one wander down there he would see on the door a small card informing visitors, that Robert Hammond and Richard Langham occupied what was on the other side of the door, namely a small room, walls covered with banners and furniture in the usual disorder of young men's quarters.

It was the night after the Junior Hop and the two occupants were in animated conversation concerning happenings at the dance.

"That was a peach of a girl Dot introduced us to," said Bob, curling up in the window seat.

"A dream," sighed Dick. "What was her name anyway? I didn't get it."

"Well I did, I have her card," and he dove into his pockets producing the much envied article which, he held up for Dick to gaze upon. "Miss Priscilla Nordyke," breathed Bob. "Oh Boy! I am going to call on her. She is staying here for the summer you know."

"So am I," exclaimed Dick, much to Bob's discomfort. Here was trouble, yes he could see it. Hang it all, why could he never have a girl to himself.

The very next evening, after supper, Bob donned his best and with the parting shot of, "So long Dick, I'll tell the little girl you're still on earth," slammed the door and hurried down the hall whistling gaily.

Dick thought deeply for a moment, grinned, ran to the telephone on the next floor, tore back to his room and shortly afterwards was on his way to see her.

About this time Bob was leaving the phone booth in the corner drug store. 'Shucks,' she had just made another date. With whom he wondered? He walked back to his room and, sinking into a chair, tried to study. At 10:15 in walked Dick.

"Well, where have you been?" queried Bob.

"To see our lady friend," exclaimed Dick triumphantly.

"Huh," said Bob, seeing through the trick, "think you're smart, don you? Well, I'll get even; I'll go tomorrow night."

"Run along," laughed Dick, "not a chance for you though."

"What kind of a bird is her father?" asked Bob, uninterestedly.

"A regular hawk," exclaimed Dick. "Why he didn't leave us alone a minute. Just sat in his squeaky old chair the whole time. I offered him a

smoke and he said, "Young man, if you indulge in such things, you may stay away from here."

"Waw!" laughed Bob, interested now. "So your old pipe nearly lost her the first time, eh? One of the evils of smoking," he chuckled.

That was Tuesday night and Wednesday evening Bob took his turn and spent the few hours he had between supper and bedtime on the Nordyke veranda. He was duly introduced to the "Hawk" who replied 'D'o, young man!' From that time on he spoke no word until, suddenly turning, he exclaimed, "Say, young feller, who won to-day?"

"Won what?" said Bob startled.

"Why the game of course. Didn't you know the Giants played the Cubs to-day? If the Giants won, it means a tie for second place."

"No-o-o, I didn't hear," answered Bob and the "Hawk" sniffed and was silent.

"Father is very much interested in baseball," explained Priscilla.

"I see," said the young man thoughtfully. At 10:05 the "Hawk" said it looked like rain and if the young man didn't care to get wet, he had better go. He went.

This rivalry lasted for several weeks. Dick called Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays while Bob chose Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sunday was a toss-up.

"It looks like she would go to the one who wins the fond parent first," muttered Dick, and Bob smiled knowingly, for before him was a pile of clippings such as 'Braves beat Giants,' 'Sisler's triple wins for Phillies,' 'Ruth makes his 51st etc. He studied the batting average of all the leading hitters and decided the time had come. That night he called but Priscilla was deserted; Bob talked baseball and the "Hawk" listened, became interested and then he talked baseball. 'Til 11:20 they argued, promised and doped out baseball 'til Priscilla nearly went to sleep.

When Dick called, she told him, and he comforted her, held her hand, to tell the truth, and wondered and wondered. Yes, he saw Bob's game. Why hadn't he thought of that? That night, Dick slept little, the result of which we shall see.

Friday evening Bob hurried through his supper, begged a hasty pardon and left. He grinned to himself. He was winning the old man and when he was conquered . . .

The moon had just come up and, as usual, it found Bob and Mr. Nordyke in earnest conversation about the day's game. But it also saw something else and that was Richard Langham's shadow creeping through the bushes in the Nordyke yard.

Priscilla sat at the end of the porch, lazily fingering a ukelele when she was startled by Dick's smiling countenance peeking around the corner of the house. She motioned and he came up. Bob scowled fiercely at him and muttered something that was not baseball.

Darkness enveloped them and Dick suddenly became thirsty and said so. Priscilla hurried to the kitchen, Dick tagging along. After he had consumed a glass of water, they seemed in no hurry to return to the porch but lounged around the kitchen and chatted about a coming dance.

Finally, as the clock struck eleven, they left the rear of the house and, coming out on the porch, heard again her father's voice.

Yes, by gosh, if they hadn't pulled that squeeze play in the seventh, the game would have gone to the Cubs sure as shootin'."

Priscilla looked at Dick.

"What is the squeeze play?" she whispered. He thought a moment.

"It's very hard to explain," he said, "I guess I'll have to show you." and they returned to the kitchen but not for a drink.

Henry L. Barber '21

by his Secretary

Troubles

Back in the distant past, about three years ago to be exact, I took my first over night hike as a tenderfoot. It was a blazing hot day, the kind that puts ambition into the dust, to sift through your shoes and blister your feet. There were about eight of us on the hike, and when we started noone's pack weighed over seven pounds, but they seemed to get heavier with every mile. When we reached the camping ground we were tired and we were sore in every joint. But twenty minutes stretched out on the pine needles looking up into the cool green of the giant trees is enough to put activity into any tired person, and we were soon out with our axes, getting a pile of wood. We started a fire in case anyone hadn't had enough heat during the day, and also to get some embers to bake potatoes. After dinner Ed and I plunged into the woods in search of a suitable place to pitch our dog tent. We found a place that sloped gently towards a marshy stretch and decided to put up our joint tent there. We were tenderfeet in those days and never before slept or rather tried to sleep beside a swamp. The mosquitoes must have come from all over the country to our camp, for all of them could never have lived in the swamp. We had a home-made tent that was divided into two parts so that each fellow could carry half. The tent secured, Ed and I went back to the fire where our troop members were assembled, and commenced to tell them how much more comfortable we were going to be in our private tent than they were going to be in the large lean-to where they expected to spend the night. After supper everyone told ghost stories which helped to make the long evening seem shorter. About ten o'clock we went down to our tent and by the aid of the carbide lamp, which acted as a beacon to the mosquitoes, we finally managed to roll ourselves in our blankets without pulling up more than two tent pegs. For the first half an hour we tried to believe that the

frogs weren't keeping us awake, but finally their croaking, which sounds as tho it was all around your head, was too much for Ed, who turned suddenly with an angry exclamation, and two more pegs parted company with the ground. Fifteen minutes later the first mosquito lit upon my ear. I wrenched my hand from under the blanket, and came down hard on the insect, also my ear. But even the worst of troubles must some time come to an end. About three in the morning a cool breeze chased the mosquitoes back to their homes, and we were forced to cuddle up closer in our blankets. Then the worst of our trials came, for it was out of the frying-pan into the ice water. We got colder and colder and the dew became icier and icier. We burst out of our tent finally, leaving it lying on the ground in a surprised mass, and started a war dance to restore feeling to our numbed limbs. In the morning we had a little pleasure in waking the comfortable sleepers in the lean-to at half past five. After breakfast we threw off the effects of the night and faced the day with a smile, and when I saw that breakfast, the odor of frying bacon, the cheerful bubbling of browning pancakes, and the aroma of boiling cocoa, then I joyfully hailed the prospect of the next hike.

In the Lunch Room

(With apologies to all the girls)

Characters—Any girl and her chum

Time—Recess

Place—Lunch Room at P. H. S. (Any girl, whose name is, well—Mary, speaks)

Yes, Ida, I'll get the things if you'll hold my—. No, let's get a table nearer the door. Now here's my History, French and English Notebook. Will you pick up my purse please? It's there, no, no, right under that stool. Oh, Ida, where are your eyes? Look under that one-two-three-fourth stool to the left. Thanks! Now let's see! We want two specials, one soup, one cocoa and— (She joins the girls lunch-line and speaks to girl near-by. Say, that was my place. Yes, it was too—right in back of the girl in the funny red dress (To herself) Of all the nerve! These lunch lines are dreadful. (To girl behind) Did I step on your feet? I'm sure I couldn't help it. If you'd keep them where they belonged—. Ida, Ida, bring me my bag, I want a powder puff. Is my nose awfully shiny?

Where are the specials? All gone? Oh, Ida. I-I-da! (To girl outside of rail). Say, will you tell the girl in the pink sweater that I want her? Which one? Why—Oh, here you are. Ida I've had the worst time to get you. Shall we get sandwiches and potato chips instead of specials? Well, there is nothing else. Well, what if I was late, it was just as much your fault as mine. Now, see

here, Ida May Jones, if you don't like the way I do things, just do them yourself. (To crowd behind). I am hurrying as fast as I'm able.

(With much pushing and shoving, she reaches the cashier).

Change this dollar, please. No, you'd better not. If I break it, I'll spend it. I must have change in my bag. Let's see. Here are those samples of blue voile, Teds' picture, a lip-stick, two hair nets, my gold locket, well, where on earth—oh here it is. (She pulls out many pennies, one by one). Humph! Only thirteen. You'll have to take the bill after all. Is that the right change? I hate arithmetic. All right. (Makes her way to Ida's table.)

Here I am at last! It didn't take me so very long considering how SOME people act in the lunch-line!

Janet E. Burt '21

The Motorboat Race

Our motorboat, the Rambler, was a new one and equipped with a high-power engine. It was painted black and trimmed with gold. We had decided to enter the race at the St. Lawrence Boat Club. Our boat, although on the river but a few weeks, had proven itself to be one of the fastest, and Dick and I had thought we had a good chance to win the silver cup. Our closest rivals were a large red motorboat and a dark blue one. They were owned by rich men and fitted out handsomely. They hired experts to overhaul their boats and expert steersmen to steer them. About a week before the race we took our engine apart and overhauled it thoroughly, giving it a good cleaning. We also looked at the steering apparatus and the propellers.

In the preliminary races the red and blue motorboats had beaten us by a scant margin. But we were still eligible for the big race on the morrow and had made up our minds that we would win.

The next morning we tuned our engine up very carefully and by the time for the race it was warmed up good and running very smoothly. There were five contestants in the race beside ourselves. It was a fifty mile course, twenty-five up and twenty-five back. At the upper end of the course was a small island which was our turning point. It was quite dangerous, as some rocks stretched out up the river from the island. We would save a considerable amount of time if we could cut in between the island and the rocks. On our trial trip over the course we had tried it and found that by going very slowly we could just make it although our keel scraped the rocks.

The race was on. At the signal the motor boats shot forward at a fast clip. We were bunched closely together the first fifteen miles but by the time we reached the island three had dropped out and only the red and blue motor boats and ourselves were left. On making the turn we slowed down very much scraping over the rocks and just making it. The blue motorboat attempting to circle the rocks too closely struck a rock and stove a large hole in its bow. The red motorboat made the turn safely and started out to cut down our lead. We now opened our engine to the last notch and although the red motorboat kept gaining steadily we were still half a length in front at the finish and won the cup.

For Autumn

Even glorious autumn weeps a sad farewell,
And the sad sweet rains
Have hung silver ear-drops on the lonely branches,
And make mists that rise and fall
Like mystic veils among the hills.
She throws a generous splash of red wine
On the hillside,
And a wistfully warm sunlight
Into the deep amaranth of the woods.
And the little leaves—sleepy yellow leaves
Drift like golden boats
Down the silver brooklets of sad music.
The swift-winged bird bids the purple aster good-bye
In the quaint old garden,
And the red vine leaves
Flutter and cling to the wall,
Half afraid to go.
And all the time the ripe and beautiful days
Come to bear us on with the harvest.

M. B. Marsh '21

If you want to go to the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your books in a grip
And start on a long, long, hike.
You'll only find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school,
It isn't the school, it's you.
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a school from the dead:
And if while you make your personal mark
Your school mates can make one, too,
Your school will be what you want to see,
It isn't the school, it's you.

Ex.

The Tramp and the Dog

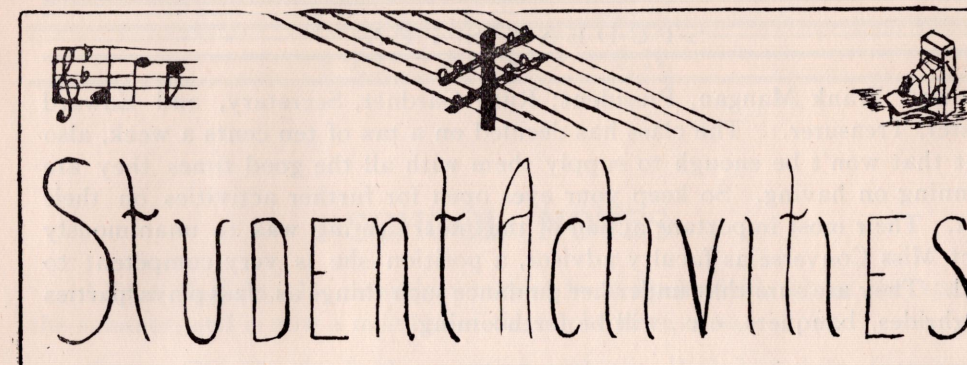
A tramp went to a cottage door
To beg a couple of dimes or more;
The cottage door was opened wide,
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then o'er his face there spread a grin,
For he saw a maid—sitting within,
A maiden sitting within the gloom
In the gloomiest part of a gloomy room.

Into the room the tramp went,
And over a dog the maiden bent;
His eyes were red and full of fire
As he viewed the tramp with apparent ire.

The tramp turned his bearded face
And left the house with careless grace,
And peal after peal of laughter rent
The air, with the maiden's merriment—
The dog was of Terra-cotta ware—
She had won him at the county fair.

Hugo Bornak '21



Glee Club Notes

Hail! Hail! The "gang" certainly was all there when the Glee Club began for the new school year Tuesday morning. Mr. Larkin worked steadily during the period endeavoring to assign seats to the eighty members, while Mr. Smith beamed down upon the whole crowd and prophesied a banner year for the most popular club in P. H. S.

J. E. B. '21

Electrical Club

The first meeting of the Electrical Club was held in the Physics laboratory September 28. About forty were present. After a short address by Mr. Keaney, the instructor, in which he outlined his plan of having two groups, one composed of new members and the other of last year's members, the officers were elected. T. J. Killian was elected president and W. Durant, secretary and treasurer. The group of new members are to study magnetism and fundamental electricity, while the old group will set up a wireless station. Owing to lack of time very little has been accomplished so far, but this year promises to be the best in the history of the club.

W. Durant, Secretary

The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club of Pittsfield has organized again for the season of 1920-1921. The following officers have been elected: Donald Ferris, President; Herbert Bauer, Vice President; Robert Peck, Treasurer; and Winton Patnode, Secretary. At present there are eighteen registered members, and the number is slowly increasing. The club has chosen Mr. Lorne B. Hulsman, Mr. Charles F. Reid, and Mr. Chalmers Reed, as its advisory committee. Although the Social Committee has not yet planned a program for the coming season, a "bang-up" Hallowe'en Party is on schedule.

Senior A Class Notes

Listen, my children and you shall hear of the wonderful class about to appear.

Hitherto there has been no such thing as a senior A class. However they are now a fully organized honest-to-goodness class. The officers are as

follows: Frank Mangan, President; Ruth Gardner, Secretary, and Edward Coster, Treasurer. The class has decided on a tax of ten cents a week, also that that won't be enough to supply them with all the good times they are planning on having. So keep your eyes open for further activities on their part. Their most important action of the first meeting was to unanimously elect Miss Converse as faculty advisor, a position she is very competent to hold. They are sure that under her guidance such things as class plays, parties sleighrides, banquets, etc., will be forthcoming.

Senior B Class Notes

The Senior B Class has reorganized with the following officers in charge: president, Donald Ferris; vice-president, Evelyn Mapletoft; treasurer, Thomas Killian; secretary, Ida Viale. At the suggestion of Mr. Hulsman, the class elected Mr. Leonard as class adviser.

Ida Viale, Secretary

SCHOOL NOTES

Lillian Carlisle, '23, recently returned from Springfield, where she spent the summer, and is now a member of the Sophomore class.

George Clough, '21, held a position with the Berkshire Life Insurance Company during the summer vacation.

John Power, '20, former editor of the Student's Pen, was in Pittsfield visiting last August. He entered Fordham University this fall.

Roger Burns, Thomas Killian, and several other students were employed at the G. E. plant during the summer.

A large number of students attended the foot-ball game on the Common Saturday, October 2, occupying the bleachers on the south side of the field.

Eleanor Hamer, ex-'22, has entered the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses. Miss Hamer was a prominent member of last year's Glee Club.

John Hopper strained a ligament in his leg during the first foot-ball game of the season. He has used Sloan's Liniment extensively and with good results, he says.

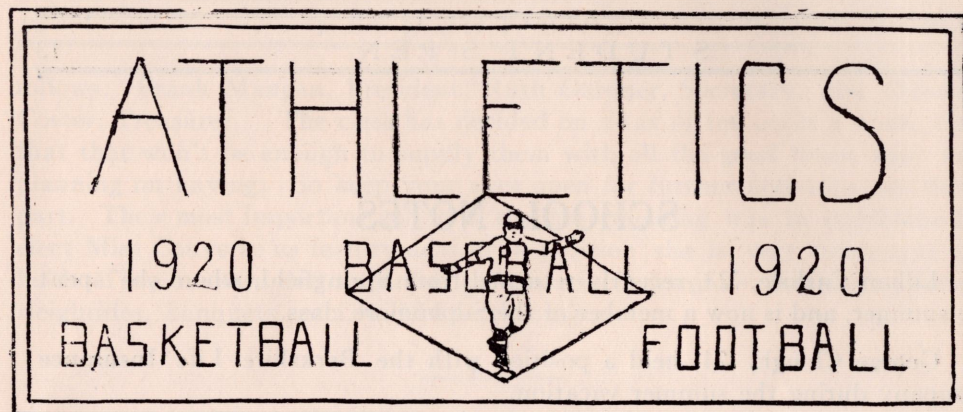
Much comment has been aroused among the upper classes because of the diminutive size of some of this year's Freshmen. In the auditorium at recess one day recently there was great excitement caused by the appearance of an unusually tiny Freshie. Seeing that he was the cause of the disturbance he modestly retreated.

Miss Marjorie Bates, a former member of the faculty, was married to Dr. W. M. Monroe last July. They are at present in Bocas del Toro, Panama.

Kathleen Carey was among the numerous students who held positions with business firms during the summer vacation. She was in the office of the George A. Grounds Company.

The new seating arrangement at Assembly has proved very successful. It is no longer possible to 'skip' Assembly.

The Students' Activities Editors request the secretaries of the various classes and clubs to have their notes written and in the box in the library by the first of each month. They should be written in ink, and on only one side of the paper.

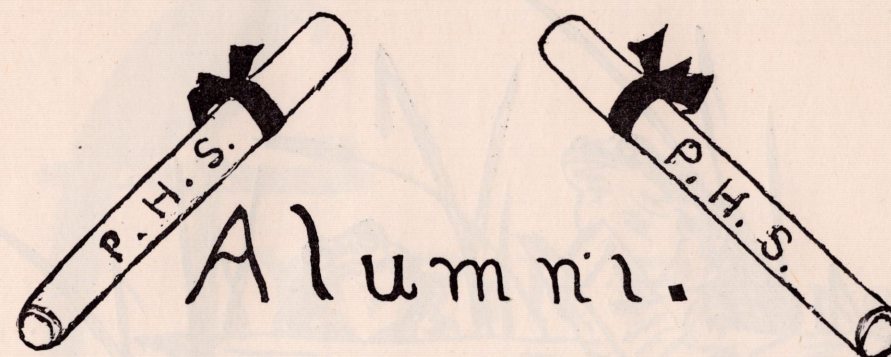


Is Football a Success in P. H. S?

Practice for football began a little too late this season for our team to round into shape for the first game. The results were our school eleven were somewhat irregular in running off their signals. They lacked much in knowledge as how to attack the line. They tackled in the most difficult manner. In catching Punt's they were a failure. Cutting down interference seemed a thing unknown to them. The reason why our eleven appeared so awkward on the field was due to the fact that most of the players were so inexperienced. Coach Leonard worked hard the first week to instruct the players with best results, but the time was too limited to do much, but he had the ability to teach them enough to battle with their opponents so strongly that Adams won out only by a small margin. Coach Leonard has succeeded in turning the inexperienced to experienced players as if a miracle had come about. Now our proud eleven runs out to the field with life and interest of former years. They go through signals in the same manner as college stars. To catch the most puzzling punts seems but a trifle. They hit the line in bullet fashion, making holes large enough for the backfield to plunge into. They tackle hard and low, and judging by their opponents, there is no doubt but what the tackles take effect. They are now competing with their strongest rivals. The opposition they set forth is more than is desired by the rest of the county teams. The student body shows desirable interest for their team to be victorious. The town people are always anxious as to when the future game will occur.

Pittsfield lost its first game of the season to the heavier and more experienced Adams team on the Common, Saturday, October 2 by the score of 12-0. Considering the lack of weight and experience on the part of the Pittsfield team, it was surprising that the score was not larger. Pittsfield had two chances to score but lost them when Weltman dropped a forward pass behind the goal line, and when Wagenknecht intercepted a pass as he was standing between his own goal posts.

Mangan, Jacobs, Graves, and Steenrod excelled for Pittsfield while Wagenknecht and Searles were the stars of the Adams team.



Many of the members of last year's class have entered various colleges and universities this fall. Eva Prediger has entered Smith College, Constance Gamwell and Dora Raabe have entered Mount Holyoke; Ruth Hunt is at Skidmore, also Dorothy Kerchner; Elizabeth Acly is at Wellesley; Christina Burns and Helen Jenks are at Russell Sage; Katherine Kelly and Alfreda Hesse are at St. Elizabeth's College in New Jersey; Elizabeth Synan and Ethel Bohan have gone to Westfield Normal School. Albert MacArthur and George Kittredge are at the University of Pennsylvania; Roy Sundstrom and Kenneth Wiley have entered Boston University, Carleton Hunt and Charles Gardner have gone to Syracuse; Gene Levy is at Colgate, Kenneth Semple has gone to Exeter.

Marie Mandell, Grace Shipton, Anna Conelly, Adelaine Kenney, Frances Ralston and Dorothy Kahl are attending Business College in this city. Grace Carrier has taken a position in Dr. Volk's office. Marjorie Barnes has accepted a position in Mr. Travers' office.

Among those now at the General Electric are: Muriel Hodgman, Lena Isringhaus, Ruth Munn, Evelyn Ranshausen, Betty Collins, Luman Pool, Lawrence Carpenter and John Reichard. Miss Carolyn Cottreel has returned from a year's visit in Wichita, Kansas, and is entering Westfield Normal this fall. Miss Bessie Ruby of Wichita accompanied her back to Massachusetts and made a short stay in Pittsfield.



We wish to thank our exchanges for the comments which they have given us. We hope also that our criticisms will be accepted in as good spirit as they are given.

"*The Garnet and White*", West Chester, Pa. Your commencement edition is interesting. The literary department is particularly good. All the departments, however, show careful consideration.

"*The Catamount*," Bennington, Vt. Your May edition is good but not humorous enough. Where are your jokes?

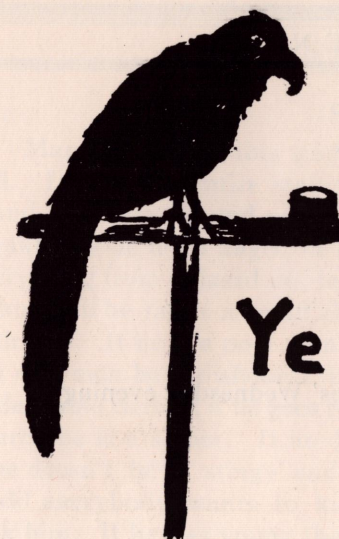
Your commencement number is quite well prepared. The editorials and poems are excellent.

"*The Drury Academe*," North Adams, Mass. In your December issue, your cover and cuts were very clever. Your departments were also well worked up but why tell us that your jokes are jokes?

"*The Williams Record*," Williamstown, Mass. The paper for October 1, 1920 is very good. It is well posted on school notes.

"*The Magpie*," St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. Your June issue is good but could be improved by a few cuts and a little more humor.

"*The Enigma*," Lenox High School, Lenox, Mass. A very lively little paper but where are your exchanges?



Ye Poll Parrot

Wheeler (discussing English lesson)—"What kind of sword did King Arthur use?"

Hynes—"I don't know about the sword but he used an X-Calibre rifle."

Teachers—Beware!

Mrs. Bennet (to 2nd period history class)—"—while we have lived for three hundred years"

The other
Day I
Went out
Walking
With my
Girl.
After a
While she
Told me
Her
Hands were
Cold so
I held
Them
For her.
Pretty
Soon she
Said she
Was cold
All over,
So I
Gave

Her my
Overcoat.
Now she
Won't
Speak to
Me.

H. B.—“Would you like to go to the ‘movies’ Wednesday evening?”
E. M.—“Why, yes.”
H. B.—“So would I.”

WE
Smoke
Cuss
Sneak
Used to drink
And we
Cut Dates
Overdraw Bank Accounts
Hate a stiff shirt
Borrow clothes.
Yes, we
Bull fight
Shoot craps
Sleep in Classes
Flunk exams.
And yet
They love us
Just the same.

THEY
Powder their noses
Scream
Come-out
Did to!!!
While they
Are late for Dates
Profit thereby
Love an evening gown
Do too!!!
Sure they
Cat fight
Play pachisi (?)
Stay away altogether
Flunk 'em too.
But still
We love them
Just the same.

—Yale Record

A health to the girl that can dance like a dream,
And the girl who can pound the piano.
A health to the girl that writes verse by the ream,
Or toys with high C in soprano.
To the girl that can talk and the girl that does not,
To the saint and the sweet little sinner,
But here's to the cleverest girl of the lot,
A girl that can cook a good dinner.

Such is Life

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his entire stay upon earth, his life is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of our species. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief; and then the law raises Cain with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is a rich man he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is in politics he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a tightwad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him, if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way, in living to save the funeral expenses.

Life is a funny road but we all like to travel it just the same.

There was a young girl from Cologne;
A maid with a will of her owgne,
She seemed quite demure,
But I couldn't make sure,
Till I managed to get her alogne.

Fruits of our Education

Freshman—“Please repeat the question, teacher.”
Sophomore—“Repeat the question.”
Junior—“What?”
Senior—“Huh?”

Kenyon—“How near were you to the right answer?”
Morin—“Two seats away.”

Barnfather—“Did you see Bramble's flivver? It's a wreck.”
Heather—“What happened?”
Barnfather—“He drove it down to New York the other day right after they started the 1920 ‘Swat the Fly’ ‘Campaign.’”

Student (proud of his success in Latin)—“Pop, what's the word for people in Latin?”

Father—“I don't know.”

Student—“Populi.”

Father—“What, you scoundrel, I lie, do I?”

Miss F.—(conceited)—“Oh I suppose a lot of men will be made unhappy when I marry.”

Miss C.—“How many are you going to marry?”

Heard on a Lake Car

Girl—“Conductor, which end of the car do I get out?”

Conductor—“Either end, little girl, both ends stop.”

Patnode—“How did you get her to go to the dance?”

Ferris—“Oh, I just sprinkled a little gasoline on my handkerchief.”

Carey—“How are those cigars I gave you?” For two hundred wrappers they give you a Victrola.”

Humphreville—“Huh! After 200 of those I'd want a harp.”

Bill Cole has a new pig, called 'Ink'. We wonder if it keeps running out of the pen.

Mrs. Bennet (drawing on blackboard)—“Now, I know my figure is very poor, but”

Teacher (to party of Freshmen visiting the museum)—“Here, children, you see the statue of Minerva.”

Freshie (after gazing at the statue for a few minutes)—“Please, mum, was Minerva married?”

Teacher—“No, child. Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom.”

Senior—“No wonder it takes so long to translate Virgil.”

Frosh—“Why?”

Senior—“Each stanza has six feet.”

Shades of 1930

Evelyn Gregory (running for governor)—“Now fellow voters I am prepared to answer any questions you may ask.”

Beatrice R. (in audience)—“Where did you get that ripping hat?”

Just a few suggestions for debates between the girls' and boys' debating clubs.

Is a zebra black with white stripes, or white with black stripes?

How long is a piece of string?

How many people can sit on a bench?

H. B.—“Now what would you do if you were in my shoes Evelyn?”

E. M.—“I'd point the toes toward the door and give them a start.”

Heather—“How some of these songs do haunt me!”

She—“Well, you've often murdered them.”

Graduation Supplement

Class '20



Class Colors

Maroon and Grey

Class Motto

Facere Audens

Class Officers

President
K. Semple
Vice-President
Florence Hickey

Secretary
J. Reichard
Treasurer
Hope McQuoid

Committee in Charge of Issue

HYMAN SANDOW, *Chairman*DONALD GERST
WILMOT CLARKESADIE LEVINSON
ANNA CONNOLLY

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 H. LASCH
 LENA ISRINGHAUS
 EVA PREDIGER
 ETHEL BOHAN

ORA FORD
 ARTHUR ROSENBAUM
 "BERT" CORNELIUS
 W. SUNDERLAND

Salutatory, "Self-Confidence, the Keynote of Success"

Honorable Mayor, Mr. Superintendent, Members of the School Committee, Teachers, Parents and Friends:—

The Class of 1920 cordially welcomes you this evening to its graduation exercises. To-night brings to an end the years spent in acquiring knowledge. Perhaps they have seemed to pass slowly. But may you never regret having given us this wonderful opportunity.

Honorable Mayor and Members of the School Committee:—

When, in after years, we become the men and women of Pittsfield, we hope that you will find in our achievements the fruits of your labor and time spent in our education. We cannot adequately express our thanks for all that you have done.

Dear Teachers:—

In leaving you, we are losing our best friends. Who else would have had the patience, the kindness which you have shown during the past four years? The realization comes to us now, that we are greatly indebted to you. We thank you with all our hearts for the labors spent in our behalf.

Parents and Friends:—

Most of our debts we can pay by a specific sum of money, but the debt we owe you will always remain, for it is of too great value to be estimated. You have given us the best that our city could offer. How many sacrifices and self-denials those years required of you! How many anxieties and worries they have occasioned! But tonight that is all ended. With grateful hearts and with a firm resolve to try to pay back in the fullest measure what we owe you, we turn toward the future.

What does it hold for us? What lies behind the impenetrable veil? Bacon says that to enter the kingdom of knowledge, "we must put on the spirit of little children"—that is, we must be willing to be taught by others; but to enter the kingdom of wealth or celebrity, a manly, self-reliant spirit is necessary.

A great deal of ability is lost to the world for want of a little courage and self-confidence. Men, who have been naturally brilliant and capable, whose memory deserves to be honored, have died in obscurity, because their self distrust prevented them from succeeding. Milton says, "The pious and just honoring of ourselves is the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth."

We are living in an age of stirring rivalry, and loud, boisterous self-assertion; and the man who is afraid to give utterance to his thoughts, to say what he wants and say it loudly, will be brushed aside by the hurry and rush of this century. Why is it that the loud-voiced, pushing man will always have an advantage over the quiet, retiring one? It is not because the qualities of the former are more esteemed than those of the latter, but because they are usually accompanied by other laudable traits—such as, decision, promptness, and energy.

Let us then remember, classmates, that the sweetest things of life are not won by the

"Delicate spirits pushed away
In the hot press of noon day,"

but by those who trust in themselves, and trusting, dare to do.
"Those love truth best, who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

—*Florence Hickey*

Newspapers and Our Daily Life

No doubt there is not a person in this hall who does not read at least one daily newspaper; but very few of you, I am sure, have ever hesitated long enough to ask yourselves the reason for purchasing a paper. Because of the trivial price and because of the commonness of the incident we do not ask ourselves why we buy newspapers. I shall therefore present several reasons which generally prompt us to purchase various periodicals.

The business man snatches up his paper and at once turns to the financial page to notice how his pet stock is behaving. The housewife carefully goes through the advertisements intent on noticing the startling reductions that some firms may be offering. The young man, on receiving a newspaper, first reads the sporting page to learn how many home runs "Babe" Ruth has secured to date. The young debutante eagerly scans the social sheet to read what engagements are announced for the first time. All these various types, after satisfying his or her particular wish, glance through the news items to read, perhaps, of another town the Bolsheviks have entered or of another bank, that has been robbed or of the latest reason given for the ever-increasing high cost of living. Finally, those who are at all concerned with existing affairs, read and ponder over the editorials that the various newspapers print.

This is the main influence that the daily paper wields—its means of helping the common people in forming opinions. But in order to derive the greatest benefit from these editorials, one must read and consider the messages of more than one paper and of more than one party. For example, in this city, the only newspaper is republican in its prejudices and, as a result, the democratic side of a question is not generally given fair presentation. One can hardly hope to know the coming presidential candidate personally, but by means of reading their speeches and editorial comment on these orations, one may be helped in deciding who is the better candidate. Another use made of the editorial page is that of arousing public displeasure toward some existing wrong. For example, if in a large city the police department should not be doing its duty, in but a short time all the newspapers of that city and perhaps many periodicals from other cities, would be bringing this circumstance so much before the eye of the public that the city officials would be forced to better the conditions because of public opinion.

The news department is also of great importance. Yes, it is a fact, that some of the news printed is untrue, due to no fault of the papers—but this condition should be easily anticipated. As an instance, how many times have we read the news of the death of the Mexican Apache, Villa, during the past five years? No doubt, he, like the proverbial cat has nine lives. By reading the news printed from day to day, one can keep abreast of the times and be in a position to discuss with some intelligence, the topics of the day. In a small community the townspeople are very closely bound together by the local newspaper. I believe you all can recall many occasions when you have said to members of your family such things as:—"Do you remember the Whites who lived next to us years ago?" Well, tonight's paper says they all went to New York to greet their son who has just returned from France." or "Imagine!" This evening's "Eagle" says that pretty Elizabeth Brown, who went to school with me, has married Jack Stone!"

Finally, the advertisements, which occupy such a large section of every newspaper, tend to benefit the public, How? you may ask. First, the people who trade at the various firms are enabled beforehand to decide what to buy and where to buy. Then, secondly, men and women who may be for a time out of work, often find suitable employment by reading those advertisements which are headed "Help Wanted—male" or "Help Wanted—female."

Thus, in three ways at least we are benefitted by the use of daily newspapers. We are helped in forming convictions by reading what men, greater than we are, think on various subjects; we are kept informed of the affairs of the day by reading the news; and lastly, we are given the opportunity of practicing thrift and securing positions by paying attention to the advertisements.

If more time were at my disposal, I could present several more reasons which urge us to purchase newspapers. But as my time is limited, let me urge you all, in closing, to make better use of one of the greatest disseminators of American ideals—the daily newspaper.

—*Hyman Sandow*

Beauty or Bill-Boards?

At one of the entrances to these beautiful Berkshire Hills of ours, is a scene of surpassing loveliness. There are in the distance, noble mountains, wrapped in a mystery of blue haze. Nestling at the foot of these protecting heights, a shimmering lake is revealed, a lake as clear as crystal, casting back a reflection of the wonders of mountain and sky. Foothills, too, there are, and as these gradually flatten out, the forests on their slopes give way to pastureland, rough, boulder-strewn and uncouth, yet appealing in its wildness. Still more in the foreground, rolling meadows and plowed fields lend a touch of civilization.

But does the traveller coming into our Hills see the mountains, the lake, the pastures, meadows and fields? He does not. He sees—or rather there

literally smashes into his vision—an emblazoned message, informing him that Champion Spark Plugs have no equal. In huge letters and garish colors, a bill-board, erected in front of the famous panorama that used to greet the highway here, positively insists on this information. It matters not that our tourist may not care to contemplate spark plugs at the moment, that he may have journeyed far to be touched with the inspiration of mountain, meadow and lake. He simply *must* consider spark plugs,—unless, perhaps, he finds relief in driving on a bit, till another vista opens up disclosing the fact that Gorton's Codfish has no bones. If this reflection fails to compensate for the obstructed natural scenery, there still remains the possibility of his being charmed to learn of Burroughs Rustless Screens, or to know that Miller Tires are geared to the road.

Passing these points of interest, the traveller in the Berkshires will find that he has seen only the beginning of what the region has in store for him. He soon enters a veritable wonderland in which, on every hand, the merits of Columbia Batteries and Coca-Colo are urged upon him! "Lotta Miles" beckons him to ride through the hills with her on a set of Kelly-Springfields, when he is suddenly halted by a giant figure with a red flag and told that Hood Tires are good tires. Flaming gargoyles infest his path, and then he cannot escape until they have compelled his attention to Mobiloils, of which, he learns, there is a grade for every type of motor. He is admonished to drink Orange Crush and Bevo, and to chew Wrigley's the while, because the flavor lasts; and if, perchance he wends his way toward our own fair city, he is assured of a personal welcome to the Hotel Wendell, where there are fifty new rooms with bath, awaiting him.

The ominous thing about the bill-board is that the desecration is growing. It is growing because of my lethargy and yours. Bill-boards have become so common that we have lost our first rush of indignation over their ugliness, and while we permit our law-makers to busy themselves with other matters, the defacement of our landscape goes on. We have enacted laws prohibiting or regulating that which offends the ear or the nose, but we still allow the unwilling eyes of the public to be assaulted by these glaring advertisements.

A man has the right to keep salesmen from his office if they come at an inopportune time. Why, then, has not the public the right to choose its own time for examining the claims of the merchandise it may or may not desire to purchase, without having these claims rudely forced upon its attention during its leisure hours?

But the question arises, "What are we going to do about it?" Well, what have others done about it? A few years ago a plan was successfully worked out in a Western city whereby the bill-board nuisance was abolished.

Several public-spirited citizens organized a club and started an anti-bill-board campaign. First of all they circulated pledges among local merchants by which these men agreed not to advertise their wares on bill-boards. When

a sufficient number of pledges had been signed, letters were sent to all the firms making use of this form of advertising in that vicinity. The letters contained a list of the pledged merchants as well as a pledge for themselves. In case the first pledge was unavailing, more letters were sent, and finally a boycott was declared on all offending goods. It worked! The city and surrounding country were freed from advertising detrimental to the landscape.

In another Western city, bill-boards were classed as property, and were heavily taxed, so heavily indeed, that this form of advertising became unprofitable. Deprived of profit, its breath of life, the advertising naturally died. If any of us for a moment question the advisability of taking such drastic measures, we have only to consider the problem from a business standpoint. Without the natural commercial advantages of some regions, the abiding wealth of the Berkshires is in their beauty. It is the attraction that lures the tourist caravan yearly to our lakes and hills. Deface this beauty, destroy this attraction and a large source of our wealth has been swept away. Business short-sightedness could scarcely go farther than this. It is the ancient policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

How long would Switzerland be the Mecca for armies of treasure bearing tourists if her scenery were exploited for advertising purposes as that of Berkshire is being exploited,—if her peaks and her glaciers were regarded only as advantageous sites for whatever the Swiss equivalent might be for the screaming American bill-board.

Perhaps we may be able to meet this menace with laws duly enacted and enforced. Perhaps not, public apathy and commercial influence may for the time be too strong. If they are, we should not hesitate to apply the boycott as our Western neighbors have done. But for the love of our landscape, let us invoke some means to stop the desecration of our countryside—and, in the words of a huge sign that obscures a particularly charming bit of scenery—along the Albany-Pittsfield road—"Eventually, why not now?"

—Ora M. Ford

Address to the Senior B Class

Members of the Senior B class!

Seated before you tonight is one of the best classes ever graduated from Pittsfield High School. For three years we have given advice to you when you were in trouble. We hope that our work has not been in vain. When you return to school next fall we hope that you will treat the under-graduates as we have treated you. Act in a dignified manner and see to it that the Freshmen are taken care of. They are apt scholars and will give you a good deal of trouble if you don't keep them in their proper sphere. When you become Senior A's, act the part. Don't go down to the basement at recess to play tag, throw the bean bag, jump rope, and make yourselves a general nuisance. Some of you behave yourselves and then again, some of you are inclined to be

foolish. One day last week one of the young men of your class in his haste to reach the first floor, forgot himself and slid down the banister. Don't forget your class tax and the nickel collection and above all don't forget you owe your present prosperity and success to us. When you have any dances, plays, or other school activities, don't be bashful, come to us and we will help you in any way we can.

In behalf of the class of 1920, I wish you a prosperous, successful and happy future.

—Herbert Lesch

The Christ of the Andes

In 1900 the dispute over the boundary of the Andes between Chile and Argentine was renewed, when Chile, upon the discovery of the value of the Patagonian section, claimed that section as hers.

The dispute resulted in actual preparations for war and vast sums of money were expended on these preparations.

The British ministers at Buenos Ayres and at Santiago used their offices to bring about a peaceful settlement between the two countries. In this they were assisted by Dr. Marcolino Benavente, Bishop of San Juan de Cuyo, of Argentine and Dr. Ramon Angel Jara, Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud of Chile. On Easter Sunday in 1900, Bishop Benavente made a fervent appeal in behalf of peace and suggested that some day a statue of Christ be placed on the highest point of the Andean border, to prevent any recurrence of the dispute. The two bishops travelled through the two countries, addressing crowds of men in the towns and villages. The clergy and the women sustained the bishops. Through petitions to the legislature, executives were reached.

The result was a treaty between the two countries by which they submitted the controversy for arbitration to the king of England. He, in turn, left the matter to eminent jurists and expert geographers who decided on a boundary line. The decision was accepted by both countries, and in June, 1903, another treaty was concluded by which the two governments pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit to arbitration any important question that might arise, and in a further treaty agreed to reduce their armies and to stop all preparation for war.

The provisions of the latter treaty were carried out as quickly as possible; war vessels were either sold or rebuilt for commercial use, internal and coast improvements were made. In Chile an arsenal was turned into a school for manual training. In 1905 the great trans-Andean railway, through the heart of the mountain, connecting Buenos Ayres and Santiago, was completed.

But the greatest change that took place was the change in the attitude of the people toward one another. In place of the old hatred and animosity there is now only good will.

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of the statue of Christ on the Andes was quickly followed out. As early as 1901 Senora de Costa, president of the Christian Mother Association of Buenos Ayres, induced the women of that city to secure funds to have the statue made and erected.

The task of making the statue was given to Mateo Alonso, an Argentine sculptor. When his design was approved, the statue was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city.

When the final ratification of the treaty was made on the 28th of May in 1905, all officials present in Buenos Ayres were invited to inspect the finished statue of Christ. Standing at the foot of the great figure, Senora de Costa pleaded that it be placed on the highest accessible point of the Andes.

It was not until February, 1904 that the final steps were taken for the erection of the statue. It was carried by rail to Mendoza and from there on gun carriages up the mountain.

In order to be present at the ceremonies, hundreds of people came up the night before the day on which the unveiling of the statue was to take place and encamped on the mountain.

In the morning the Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile, and the Chileans on the soil of Argentine.

The celebration was complete, even to the music and the firing of guns.

The moment of unveiling was one of solemn silence. The statue was then dedicated to the world as a lesson of peace and good will. The ceremonies were closed at sunset with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting on a granite column twenty-two feet high. Above is the bronze statue of Christ, twenty-six feet in height. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Working-men's Union of Buenos Ayres and the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue and on the other is inscribed:—

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

—Lena M. Isringhaus

Opportunity

To-night we stand on the threshold of our to-morrow. The great promising future, which holds so many opportunities in store for us, is ours. Many of us will now take up the more serious problems and responsibilities of life, but whatever we may do, opportunity will arise, of which we should always avail ourselves. We should, however, not merely wait for opportunity to come, but should strive to be ready to grasp it, when it appears, in such a manner, as to derive the greatest benefits from it.

It is a well known fact, that many people idle away their time, waiting for an opportunity to come. When it is before them, they cannot see it, as opportunity seldom heralds its coming. It is not strange, therefore, that there are so many disappointments in life, which in a large measure, could be averted, if duty well performed were the guiding star. Opportunity, it is often said, hovers around some, and never comes to others, but upon investigation, it is usually found, that opportunity lies in the path of the alert and industrious, and finds no time to trifle in other courses.

When Sir Isaac Newton saw the apple fall, how was he affected by the incident? Innumerable people had seen apples fall before, but he alone was alert to interpret the incident and to grasp its marvelous importance and value to science. For him, it was the dawn of opportunity.

How shall we recognize opportunity when it appears before us? Experience teaches that education assists considerably in discovering it. Education should make us open-minded, alert, and quick to grasp the opportune moment, just as Sir Isaac Newton did. Undoubtedly, many opportunities are lurking along our pathways, and it would not be pleasant to discover that we had passed them by unnoticed. It is very essential, that duty be performed with an alert, full, and progressive spirit, if we are to make the most of our opportunities.

"Children of life are we, as we stand
With our lives un-carved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

"If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives, that angel-vision."

Your Honor, Mr. Superintendent, and Members of the School Committee:—

The interest that you have shown in our efforts on this and previous occasions has been helpful and gratifying to us. To you, we feel deeply indebted for the splendid educational advantages which we have enjoyed. We shall strive zealously to make the best of this training, by intelligently availing ourselves of the opportunities which open before us this evening. With hearts full of thankfulness, and with a determination to prove ourselves worthy citizens of this community, we bid you farewell.

Mr. Principal and Teachers:—

We shall never forget the assistance you have rendered us, and the kindly words of encouragement which you have always been so willing to offer. You have endeavored to make the path of duty pleasant by showing us that true happiness lies in noble work. Your teachings will be a guide to us through life's journey, and our farewell to you now is full of gratitude.

Dear Parents and Friends:—

The concern which you have shown for our educational advancement and welfare has been sincerely appreciated. We only hope that we have fulfilled your expectations, and that some day we can repay you for all the privileges you have given us. To you, the class of 1920 sends a loving message of gratitude and farewell.

Undergraduates:—

From you, my dear schoolmates, we must part, but it is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret. We look forward with eagerness and hope to the future which now opens before us, but a feeling of sadness comes over us, when we realize that the school bell will no longer bear a message to us. You may meet with discouragements and failures, but perseverance will ever overcome them. With our best wishes for your success, the class of 1920 bids you "Good -bye."

Dear Classmates:—

To-night brings us to the end of our four years in High School. Thus far, we have been treading life's pathway together, but tonight we come to the point where our paths diverge. Some of us are looking forward to four happy years at college, while others will soon begin their life work. Let us look forward to our future with eagerness and courage. We may not gain rank and fortune, we may not build monuments of fame and glory, but by doing well the little things of every day life, and by making the most of our opportunities, we may show our fidelity to the school from which we graduate to-night. In parting, let me bid you Godspeed, happiness, and success in every undertaking.

—Eva M. Prediger

Class Cde

Sung to "You're a Million Miles from Nowhere"
Happiness fills our hearts tonight
As you've always taught us the right
We feel we will stand the great test
As we go from the school we love best.

Chorus

Farewell! dear old Pittsfield High School
Though it grieves us thus to depart
Yet a feeling is within
Which will goad us on to win
As we think of your true teaching
And we cherish your golden rule,
Thus our hearts will fondly wander
Back to dear old Pittsfield High School.

We are starting down life's long way
Where our goal is we cannot say.
Always be loyal and true
Is our loving motto to you.

Chorus

Farewell! dear old Pittsfield High School.
May our feelings stand firm toward you
For we know that we must leave
And the thought our hearts does grieve
Yet we'll keep your memory ever
As we think of your golden rule
We'll look back with tears of sadness,
Farewell! dear old Pittsfield High School.

— Ethel M. Behan



SENIOR CLASS

LIST of GRADUATES

EMILY ABAIRE
 WALLACE ALEXANDER
 MARJORIE BARNES
 ISABELLE BEEBE
 ETHEL BOHAN
 HELEN BRECK
 GERTRUDE BURNS
 GRACE CARRIER
 MILDRED CLARKE
 WILMOT CLARKE
 ELIZABETH COLLINS
 JENNIE COLLINS
 ANNA CONNOLLY
 DAISY CROWN
 FLORA DANSEREAU
 CARL DOLE
 JESSIE DONALD
 ORA FORD
 ISABELLE FOSTER
 CONSTANCE GAMWELL
 DONALD GERST
 THEODOR GILBERT
 ALFREDA HESSE
 FLORENCE HICKEY
 MURIEL HODGMAN
 CARLTON HUNT
 RUTH HUNT
 HELEN HUTCHINSON
 LENA ISRINGHAUS
 DOROTHY KAHL
 KATHERINE KELLEY
 ADELINE KENNEY
 ORENA LANGLOIS
 NATHAN LEVINE
 SADIE LEVINSON
 EVELYN MACARTHUR
 HOPE MCQUAID
 ELIZABETH MCSWEENEY
 MARIE MANDELL
 EDWARD MANGAN
 ANNA MARTIN

THERESA MEIROWITZ
 RUTH MUNN
 HARRIET PEMBLE
 GERALD MESSER
 LUMAN POOLE
 EVA PREDIGER
 FRANCES RALSTON
 EVELYN RANSEHAUSEN
 MABEL RAWLINGS
 JOHN REICHARD
 PHILIP RICHMOND
 CHARLOTTE RIEPERT
 ARTHUR ROSENBAUM
 MARY RYAN
 HYMAN SANDOW
 PHILIP SARRO
 KENNETH SEMPLE
 GRACE SHIPTON
 HELEN SMITH
 MAUDE SMITH
 WILLIAM STAPLES
 MARY SULLIVAN
 WESLEY SUNDERLAND
 FLORENCE SUSSMAN
 ELIZABETH SYNAN
 FRANK VACCARO
 PEARL VAN BRAMER
 KENNETH WILEY
 MARSHALL WOOD
 ETHEL WULFF
 VIRGINIA BLOOD
 MAE BUTLER
 EDWARD CONANT
 CARL COULTER
 KATHERINE FOHEY
 CHARLES GARDENER
 CELESTIAL HOGEDORN
 RAPHAEL HILLBURG
 DOROTHY KIRCHNER
 HERBERT LASCH



PRO MERITO MEMBERS

PRO-MERITO APPOINTMENTS

EVA PREDIGER
FLORENCE HICKEY
HYMAN SANDOW
ORA FORD
LENA ISRINGHAUS
CONSTANCE GAMWELL
PHILIP RICHMOND
ETHEL BOHAN
NATHAN LEVINE
WILMOT CLARKE
CARL DOLE
HOPE MCQUAID

MILDRED CLARK
HARRIET PEMBLE
GRACE CARRIER
FLORENCE SUSSMAN
MARJORIE BARNES
ANNA CONNELLY
GERTRUDE BURNS
THERESA MEIROWITZ
ADELINE KENNEY
THEODORE GILBERT
KATHERINE KELLY
ALFREDA HESSE

A History of the Class of 1920

This remarkable class of 1920 has been, is, and probably will be looked upon with deepest reverence by fellow-students of our P. H. S., for we have accomplished our High School work in a manner unsurpassably glorious, in spite of the fact that we have been, as regards the length of our school-term, hoodooed.

To begin with, our Freshman year was shortened by nearly two months as a result of the epidemic of infantile paralysis. School did not begin that autumn until early November. To make up for lost time we had to study hard that first year, and to this, no doubt, as well as to our natural tendency to delve into the depths of learning, was due our subsequent incomparable ability to absorb knowledge during our later school terms.

Our second year started on schedule date, but it proved to be only a start, for our jinx came upon us in the winter in the form of a scarcity of fuel and again were we deprived of part of the time allotted to us to be spent in school. But did our bad luck stop there? It did not. School reopened in a few weeks with two sessions in order to keep only one building heated, and for this reason a change in the daily schedule became necessary. Half-past eight was the new hour for the opening of the school day, which now closed at one,—but sorrow and woe were still ours. When the two-session plan was no longer needed, we returned to our old hour of dismissal, one-thirty, but through a grave omission, a change of opening time was neglected, and thenceforth we toiled from the unholy hour of eight thirty A. M., till one-thirty in the afternoon.

Although our Junior year, too, commenced on time, we lost several weeks of school, on account of the rage of Spanish influenza. When we returned to school, we celebrated by organizing the class, electing as officers, Kenneth Semple, president; Doris Sturgis, vice-president; Constance Gamwell, secretary, and Stanley Clark, treasurer. Soon after this we testified to our enterprise by holding a candy sale on a new plan. Materials, instead of candy, were donated by the members of the class and the candy was made all at the same time and place, by some of our class experts. From this sale we netted over \$25., sufficient proof of our skill in business as in all of our undertakings.

As we still struggled to maintain our high standard of study, our only other activity as Juniors was our Junior Prom. This, breaking away from conventionality, was an informal affair, and a success both socially and financially.

But our crowning glory was our Senior year. We donned a new cloak of dignity as befitted Seniors, casting aside our old frivolity, yet retaining at the same time all our old virtues. And did we experience a warm glow of self-complacency? Of course we did. We had earned the right to do so.

We acknowledged our importance by holding innumerable class-meetings. At the first one we were obliged to elect a new vice-president as Miss Sturgis had left this school. To this office Florence Hickey was chosen.

Our first social activity of the year was a "barn-dance" held in the Lanesboro town hall. The reason for the appellation "barn-dance" was that the class expected to have some square dances, but after one trial, we stuck faithfully to the more familiar round ones, and your historian deems it safe to say that every one present really enjoyed himself.

Shortly afterward we took over the basement lunch-room, which we managed for six weeks and from which we earned quite a sum.

The next event of importance was our sleighride, another cause for class-meetings by the dozen. Contrary to the usual experience, there was actually snow on the ground the evening we had set for the ride. After discovering that there were too many of us for the two sleighs ordered and having to wait for a third, we sojourned once more to the Lanesboro town-hall, where we enjoyed another dance before coming back home.

In February we held an election of officers, choosing Kenneth Semple, president, Hope McQuaid, vice-president, Grace Carrier, treasurer, and John Reichard, secretary.

Soon after this occurred one of the really important social functions of the year, the Senior Dance. In this we followed out our Junior Prom program as to the lack of formality and as to the keen enjoyment of all who attended.

About this same time, rehearsals began for our Senior play, "Representing Barrett, Cox & Co.," which was presented the afternoon and evening of June 4th. It was such a matchless performance, probably the best ever given in Pittsfield, that I need praise it no farther than it has already been praised.

And now our high school life is drawing to a close. Tonight is our class banquet, and tomorrow our graduation, which will be the last page of the last chapter of our class history.

—Ora M. Ford

Class Prophecy

Everyone has heard of the new rocket, which it is claimed, can go at such a speed and for such a length of time that anyone in the rocket will be drawn without the influence of the earth. Being a very venturesome spirit, I decided to make the trip for which no one up to this time had volunteered. On the fateful day, I was shuffled off this earthly coil, far out into space. On and on, I traveled and when I had reached a distance where the earth was but a speck in the distance, I found that I had been endowed with the power of fortelling the future, as, I presume, a reward for my daring enterprise.

I could see in the dim glimpses of the future, our classmate, Wallace Alexander, extensively laying out a new magnificent estate in Lenox for a newly made millionaire, Philip Sarro, who had created a fortune in South America. Then there flashed before my eyes many in rapid succession, Isabelle Beebe, doing settlement work on Bear Mountain, teaching snakes the gentle art of aesthetic dancing; Helen Breck, matron of a new orphan asylum; Mildred Clarke running an on anti-tobacco platform for president of the I. W. W.,

Edward Mangan, valedictorian of the class of 1925 at M. I. T. and Jennie Collins, leader of the social activities at the Shakers' in West Pittsfield.

Now do groups appear before my eyes. Ethel Bohan, Gertrude Burns and Anna Connolly, the leading singers in the new comic opera, "Agony in three parts," for the benefit of the day nursery. I hear that they have made a howling success of their parts. I see Virginia Blood playing an important part at the Colonial in a revival of Aphrodite; Katherine Fahey painting the eye-brows on kewpie dolls; and Charles Gardner, building wind-mills to cool the cows on his new farm; Edward Coster, now taking the part of endman in a famous minstrel show; Carl Coulter, now a prominent after-dinner speaker. His talks on, "How dem bones do roll," have proved highly interesting.

Of a sudden, all grows dark before my eyes, but gradually clears and I see, Marie Mandell, now posing for artists in many wonderful pictures. The latest for which she has posed, "sweet sixteen" is a great success. Anna Martin who is teaching the inmates of the workshop for the blind how to "vamp" properly; Gerald Messer, who has just bought a controlling interest in the Hillies; Ruth Gardner, an instructress in the beautiful art of toe dancing; Luman Poole, has surprised us, he is writing popular songs, his latest entitled, "I don't think she would," has afforded much enjoyment to many.

Our friend, Florence Hickey has run off with honors as a bachelor of poetry, Alfreda Hesse is proprietor of a lumber company, guaranteeing to rehead all freshmen, Mae Butler has reached the pinnacle of her ambition; she is a full-fledged movie actress. Mabel Rowlings, Mabel has confided that she considers two canary birds' eggs sufficient for anyone's breakfast. Isabelle Foster, a Professor of Declamation, teaching Scotch colliers the right way to howl; Constance Gamwell and Helen Smith on a house boat on the Housatonic, fishing for shrimps. Ted Gilbert, who has just completed a tour of Siberia, playing to the convicts. Poor convicts! and Don Gerst, a millionaire. Don, after years of study, has invented a new freckle cream, the base of which is toolip salve, Ruth Hunt, receiving enormous profits on her new book, "Eat and grow thin."

Quicker and quicker characters appear before me. Carlton Hunt, a Peru farmer adept at picking potato bugs from cucumber vines; Dorothy Kahl, at last satisfied and manufacturing a very delicate kind of powder. Adelaine Kenney, dietitian for the Vanderbilts and specializing in lobster parties; Muriel Hodgman, a calamity has befallen our loquacious classmate, Muriel has become tongue-tied. Dorothy Kirchner, who has just patented a process for making odorless soft soap.

Emilie Abare, the baby of our class is growing up rapidly. In years to come, when Emilie has reached the age of 18, we will talk to her as a young lady; Marjorie Barnes a prosperous business woman in Pittsfield; Irwin Conant at the age of 85 is claimed by the world as a famous electrical engineer; Elizabeth Collins, living in California and making yearly trips to Honolulu in her yacht "Plunkett"; Anna Conroy, established in New York as a head

book-keeper and a well known woman in business; Robert Dillion, as a cook in a large sawmill in Vermont; Celestia Hagedorn is the wife of a country minister, well-known and loved in the little village.

Then again I see a well-known young lady travelling around the country, when I look again I see it is our friend, Lena Isringhaus, Lena who won all the typewriting honors possible in our high school is now a world known typist; Orena Langlois, is a dainty housewife for some lucky man; Sadie Levinson, head of a large beauty shop to which the wealthy flock to get advice on how to be beautiful; Evelyn MacArthur, a well-known critic is still telling people their good and bad points; Teresa Meiowitz, running a large clothing establishment; then I see something flying before me and I discover it is Ruth Munn, who is shooting by in her new racing car. Hariette Pemble is still talking and expects to join the suffragettes. She will win the cause all over the country if talking will help her any.

Pearl Van Bramer, who we are afraid will remain an old maid if she doesn't pick out one of her friends and keep him.

Herbert Lasch, is barking fresh fruits and vegetables up and down Jordan Avenue. Nathan Levine, I see Nathan painfully emaciated from a nervous breakdown due to search for a fourth dimensional object. Carl Cole, now engaged in chasing golf balls at the country club. Hope McQuaid, dish-washer in a community soup kitchen.

One of our classmates is in trouble but another has come to his rescue; Eva Prediger is trying her first case before the highest court in Massachusetts for the pardon of Hyman Sandow who was wrongly charged with the embezzlement of funds from the nickel collection to build a new High School for Pittsfield; Elizabeth McSweeney is, after the family line, engaged in teaching a crow how to accompany itself on a tree; John Reichard is now busy(?) in husking two hundred-pound bags of grain at the freight depot. Maude Smith is the new proprietor of the Woman's Exchange on South Street; William Staples, in a very successful career has started a service station for Flivvers on Jacob's Ladder.

Now again mists appear, thicker and thicker but gradually dispelling, and I see, Mary Sullivan, who has developed strikingly Bohemian tendencies. She is now camping at Balance Rock where she is called, "The Queen of the Gypsies"; Jessie Donald has bought an estate which she calls "Fair Fields" where she continually seeks the fount of Eternal Youth.

Katherine Kelly, now delivering mail by aeroplane between Pittsfield and Becket; Mary Ryan, has at last found a perfect day. To Mary a perfect day is one whose length will permit of doing entirely one algebra assignment. Ora Ford is now engaged in domesticating the natives of the South Sea Islands. Marshall Wood has gone in for athletics extensively. He has been starring in "Checkers". Grace Shipton is seeking the office of notary public on the platform guaranteeing free speech to stammering children. Semple, our Ken., having received enough money from his jazz orchestra, has just bought a

controlling interest in a derby factory. Elizabeth Synan is very busy giving demonstrations for Horlick's Malted Milk. Wesley Sunderland has taken the advice, "Go West, young man, go West!" and we now see him mounted on a Shetland pony in every respect an ideal cow-puncher; Florence Sussman is starring in Keith vaudeville; Vaccaro, Frank is earnestly declaiming as usual in the senate chamber; Raphael Hillberg, Raphael has made a fortune. He has discovered a process by which he can make alcohol from sawdust at a cost of two cents a quart. The Stampede Oil Company and one other large industry pay him immense royalties; Kenneth Wiley is giving re-creation tests on the Graphola. Audiences are unable to distinguish between his voice and that of the machine. Grace Carrier, Grace is the class ouija board specialist. She has the board so trained by a system of magnets that it will say whatever she wants; Philip Richmond, Philip has just broken the world's record for bicycle riding. He made his last mile in twenty-two minutes. Some going! Ethel Wulff is now pursuing a domestic science course at Skidmore. At last the High School restaurant is on a sound basis, for with such capable managers as Francis Ralston and Evelyn Ransehausen how could we expect otherwise?

And now everything seems clear again, only one or two have not selected their vocation remaining. I see Edward Unbehend unanimously chosen gravedigger for the class of 1920 and Joseph Fahey discouraged by adverse fortune, leaning out of a window on the thirteenth floor of the Park Hotel whistling the "Bell-hop Blues". Tired by my labors, I rest and reflect on what a brilliant class that of 1920 was.

— Arthur Rosenbaum

Last Will and Testament of the Class of June, 1920

Know ye, all men, by these presents, greeting: We, the surviving members of the renowned class of June, 1920 of the Pittsfield High School in the city of Pittsfield, the capitol of Berkshire County of the glorious state of Massachusetts in the beautiful United States of America, hereby declare that with the full possession of all our faculties we most kindly and unselfishly bequeath—

To all students—the present old building and hopes for a new one; the honor of living up to the famous traditions of P. H. S.; and the duty of keeping our school always among the leaders in all ways; the privilege of being taught, lectured, scolded, praised, reprimanded, ridiculed, smiled at, growled at, pitied and carefully guided through your high school days by the faculty.

To the freshmen—the privilege of climbing three flights of stairs many times daily, the exclusive use of the balcony, so that visitors will not have to suffer the pain of seeing such forlorn-looking specimens of humanity; the right to comb their hair, shine their shoes, wear neckties (even tho' they often are out of place) and, finally, to wash behind their ears and the back of their necks; the proud feeling with which to say, "I am a student of the Pittsfield High School."

To the sophomores—the right (for boys) to wear long trousers and (for girls) to put their hair up and to lengthen their skirts; the pleasure of first organizing their classes; hatred and disgust for the freshmen.

To the juniors—an active part in student activities; the pleasure of making each Junior "Prom" better than the last one; a benevolent and protecting 'spirit toward' those helpless mites, the "freshies."

To the seniors—the right to occupy the foremost rows in the auditorium, so giving the entire student body the opportunity of seeing who their most sedate companions are; also the right to occupy room 13 and 14 homerooms—no doubt Miss Converse and Mr. Carey will be as tolerant toward you as they have been toward us; Room 14 also as a place for tumultuous, historic, and quarrelsome meetings; the Masonic Temple in which to run the senior dances which we hope will always be pleasant and successful affairs; the duty of being leaders in all high-school affairs; the job of finding a substitute for our big noise, otherwise known throughout the civilized world as "Herb" Lasch and a fitting successor to the class chatter box, Muriel Hodgman; last, but by no means least, the name Senior and with it the honor of filling the place we so graciously vacate.

To the faculty in general—the duty, at times so pleasing, but often so irksome, of imparting to further inhabitants of this imposing edifice your knowledge derived from books and experience, so that the pupils who succeed us will be able to take our places in a worthy manner.

To Miss Converse—the hope that she will never again have to work as hard coaching senior plays in the future as she has labored to coach our immortal play, "Representing Barrett, Cox & Company", the connection with this, we bequeath to the future artists (?) of the speaking stage in P. H. S., the make-ups and cosmetics left over from our never-to-be-forgotten play—but on one condition, that at all times throughout the school year, except for the plays, these beautifiers shall positively not be used.

To Mrs. Bennett—the boundless joy of giving tests to her students in U. S. History and Civics, which they are always so eager to receive.

To Miss Jordan—if she should have another class of seniors in any history, the hope that they will not be as unruly as we have at times been.

To Miss Mills—continued delight in teaching that language of old, Latin, so that her pupils will, for example, know the principal parts of accido—occido, occidere, occisus sum.

To Mr. Carey—the infinite delight of teaching Burke's delightful "Speech on Conciliation" and Shakespeare's very entertaining "Hamlet."

To Mr. Lucey—besides the continued successful direction of athletics and the Glee Club, the pleasant opportunity of convincing future non-believing seniors that we humans are cubics.

To Mr. Bates—the job of keeping track of the all too numerous books in P. H. S., and also of training students in Spanish how to speak that language without including any English or French.

To Mr. Sylvester—an infallible memory so that his pupils may profit by hearing him quote proverbs from the Scriptures.

To Mr. Goodwin—his usual accuracy, in accommodating students who have "flunked", when he arranges each year's schedule of classes, and also, success in instructing his pupils how to read Latin at sight by scientific guessing.

In closing, we bequeath to each one of our number pleasant memories of our happy days spent in P. H. S.

(Signed)

The Class of June, 1920

Witnesses—

8.30 gong,
piano in the auditorium, and,
the best little omelette tins in the world

Statistics

Popular Boy—Kenneth Semple.
Popular Girl—Anna Martin
Handsome Boy—Kenneth Wiley
Prettiest Girl—Dorothy Kirchner.
Largest Boy's collar—16—Carlton Hunt.
Smallest Boys' collar—14—Several Competitors.
Average Boys' collar—15
Largest Girls' Shoe—7 1-2—Mildred Clark
Smallest Girls' Shoe—4.
Average Girls Shoe—5 1-4.
Largest Boy's Shoe—11—Hunt.
Smallest Boy's Shoe—6 1-2—Sandow.
Average Boy's Shoe—8 1-2.
Average Girl's shoe—9 1-2.
Average Boy's shoe—11
Largest Boy's Waist—38—Carlton Hunt.
Smallest Boy's Waist—28—Gilbert.
Average Boy's Waist—34 1-2.
Largest Girl's Waist—34—Isabell Foster.
Smallest Girl's Waist—21—Jennie Collins.
Average Girl's Waist—26
Longest Boy's Arms—34—John Reichard.
Shortest Boy's Arm—28—Luman Poole.
Average Boy's Arm—31.
Longest Girl's Arm—32—Jesse Donald.
Shortest Girl's Arm—21—Ora Ford.
Average Girl's Arm—24.
Heaviest Girl—Mable Rallings—185 lbs.
Lightest Girl—Florence Hickey—97 lbs.

Average Girl's Weight—129 lbs.
 Heaviest Boy—Herbert Lasch—165 lbs.
 Lightest Boy's Weight—Hyman Sandow—120 lbs.
 Average Boy's Weight—142 lbs
 Tallest Girl—Isabell Foster—5 ft. 11 in.
 Shortest Girl—Emelie Abare—5 ft. 2 in.
 Average Girl's Height—5 ft. 6 in.
 Tallest Boy—Kenneth Wiley—6 ft. 2 in.
 Shortest Boy—Hyman Sandow—5 ft. 3 in.
 Average Boy's Height—5 ft. 9 in.
 Brown Hair Predominates.
 Brown Eyes Predominates.
 Who is the one "Green Eyed?"
 Oldest Boy—Marshall Wood—21 yrs.
 Youngest Boy—Hyman Sandow—15 yrs. 10 mo. 20 days
 Average Age—17 yr. 9 mo. 8 da.
 Oldest Girl—Marjorie Barnes—19 yrs. 2 mo. 11 da.
 Youngest Girl—Emelie Abare—15 yrs. 6 mo. 25 da.
 Class Wit—Eva Prediger.
 Class Sport—Carlton Hunt.
 Class Grouch—Herbert Lasch.
 Class Musician—Kenneth Semple.
 Class Gossiper—Muriel Hodgman.
 Class Dude—Theodore Gilbert.
 Class Jester—John Reichard.
 Class Orator—Frank Vaccaro.
 Class Dancer—Wallace Alexander.
 Class Fashion Plate—Ethel Wulff.

The Senior Play

One of the best plays given by a senior class of the Pittsfield high school in some time was presented Friday afternoon, and evening June 4 in the school auditorium at 4 and 8.15 o'clock. The afternoon performance was for the grammar school pupils and was very well attended. The auditorium at the evening performance was well filled with the parents and friends of the class and those taking part. The name of the play, a comedy in three acts, was "Representing Barrett, Cox and Company" and had to do with the adventures of one, Jack Carter, a salesman for the above named company who in a call on an aristocratic old southern colonel is mistaken for the colonel's nephew, the Duke of Billsbury, who is expected from England.

John Reichard as Jack Carter, the salesman, vainly trying to impress Col. George Reading that he is only an omlette tin salesman and not a duke, carried the role very well and in a perfectly natural way. Kenneth Wiley as the colonel did exceptionally well in this role which called for a representation



SENIOR PLAY CAST

of age. Kenneth Semple, whose histrionic ability is not unknown, was most enjoyable in the role of Abner the colonel's colored butler. His banjo and vocal solo, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" was received with much applause.

The colonel's daughter, Marjorie Reading, was ably played by Isabel Foster and her haughty disapproval of Virginia Carter's actions, played by Miss Ethel Wulff in a most charming way, were well received. Mrs. Hinds the erratic colonel's housekeeper, whose fear of burglars caused many a laugh was well interpreted by Hope McQuaid. Hyman Sandow in the role of Charles Herbert, a detective, who proved to be a thief after the family jewels, was most capable in carrying his part. Maggie, the family maid, an accomplice of the detective-thief, was taken by Mary Sullivan. The real duke of Billsbury, William Burndette, was played by Wesley Sunderland and his many and ludicrous attempts to gain entrance to his uncle's house furnished plenty of action to the play.

During the performance, several clever dances were introduced and the omelet tin dance proved most effective, with the Misses Anna Martin, Marie Mandell, Elizabeth Collins and John Reichard, Kenneth Semple and Kenneth Wiley participated. The burglar drill in which the burglar participants danced on a darkened stage with electric flash lights and were captured at their nefarious work of breaking open the colonel's safe by three blue coated policemen who marched the whole gang off stage to the tune of a catchy song made a hit. The Misses Ethel Bohan, Gertrude Burns and Elizabeth McSweeney were burglars and Misses Anna Connolly, Katherine Kelly and Adeline Kenny were policemen.

The play was under the direction of Miss Rose Converse of the faculty and both performances were certainly finished productions, under her careful guidance. She was presented with a large bouquet of roses by the class at the close of the evening performance. The afternoon performance was attended by boys from the crippled children's home at the invitation of the senior class.

Miss Hope McQuaid efficiently took care of the business end of the play, assisted by Theodore Gilbert, Wallace Alexander and his assistant. Miss Ethel Wulff had charge of the stage, while Miss Grace Carrier was property manager. Arthur Rosenbaum was head usher, being assisted by the Misses Gamewell, Smith, Isringhaus, Kahl, Prediger and Pemble. The properties were loaned by Rice & Kelly, Frank S. Clark, C. S. Ferry & Son, The Battery Shop and Methodist Church, all of whom the class was very grateful for their kindness.

Just Imagine!

The Pittsfield High School without the class of 1920.
Harriet Pemble and Muriel Hodgman without anything to say.
A household without a Peerless Omelette Tin.
Wallace Alexander dirtying his hands.
Mr. Wraught giving some one an A.
Mrs. McCubbin without her watch.

Herb Lasch with a grouch.
Jack Reichard in knickerbockers.
A new high school on the common.
Every member of the High School Team with a brand new suit.
Miss Kennedy remembering where she left off.
Miss Converse having an easy time coaching the Senior Play.
Ken Semple not saying "Just a minute, now!" at a class meeting.
Frank Vaccaro without his congenial smile.
Virginia Blood not powdering her nose.
Irwin Conant finding a place for his feet.
Miss O'Brien not saying "How many have less than five mistakes."
Can you imagine Mr. Moon losing his patience!
A jazz band without Ken Semple.
Muriel Hodgman not sneezing in shorthand class.
Orena Langlois making a noise.

Mush

I say, my lad,
Just why so sad
Just why so beastly blue,
You roll your eyes,
Y'explode in sighs,
Did all life depart from you?

Oh, I don't know
What ails you so,
You sentimental fool,
Catch me be sad
Why I'd be glad
To graduate from schol!

Oh, preach not so,
For you don't know
The luck the devil sends
To trail the guy
Who says goodbye
To friends and more than friends.

You think its great
To graduate,
Perhaps it ain't so bad,
But when you know
She'll also go,
How can a guy be glad?

You know that she,
Most probably,
Will soon forget my name,
For she will stray
Her own sweet way,
While I . . . 'tis a bloody shame!

You know I once
Thought him a dunce
Who sailed in Cupid's boat,
The love-sick prate
In English 8
'Most always got my goat.

But tho' I balked
At him who talked
About his earthly elf,
I now keep still,
Do what I will,
For I'm the dunce, myself.

What's that I see?
You laugh at me?
You cannot feel my case?
Well, just for that
I'll knock you flat!
I'll shut your grinning face!

—S. Levinson '20

A Farewell

I

A pall of undismayed oppression
Weighs upon my troubled mind—
A hazy dread that true contentment
Soon will have been left behind.
While yet within there ring the echoes,
Echoes of a fairer me
I thrill already with the tempests
Heralding a sterner clime.

II

Classmates, believe thou not my laughter
From a care-free mortal flows,
But rather see a vain endeavor
To dissemble deep-felt woes.
Not always does the lightsome manner
Tell where dwells a perfect whole,
For oft behind the gayest bearing
Flickers a despairing soul.

III

For man by man is ever followed
All from all condemned to part,
Tho' pure affection leave its foot-prints,
Interlinking heart with heart.
The die is cast, the link is broken,
Unavailing is the will—
The sun is dying, twilight deepens,
And the trail is new—uphill.

—S. Levinson '20

JOKES

In the Lunch-room

Heather—"Gimme a san'wich."

Lady—"Peanut butter or ham?"

Heather—"Which is the largest?"

Some Satisfaction

Mr. Lucey—"All mathematicians are abnormal."

Voice from rear—"Gee! I'm glad I didn't pass trig!"

Couldn't use them

Wiley—"Say, if I should die what would you send me?"

Mr. Sylvester—"Oh! Most anything but skates."

Ask Staples, he knows

Automobiles are being made with stoves in them, because most girls like a little oven in a car.

We all agree

Ken (sourly)—"I'm not such a big fool as I look."

Ethel (sweetly)—"No? Then you have a great deal to be thankful for."

Wrong Impression

Lady—"I want a mouse trap and please be quick as I want to catch a car."

Clerk—"I'm sorry, madam, but we haven't one as large as that."

In 1955

Little Willie—"Father, what does 'highball' mean?"

Father—"I don't know. Ask grandpa."

Sassy-thing

Smiling clerk—"Oh, yes, you want a suit, and do you want a cuff on the trousers?"

Husky Gent—"Yes, I want a suit and do you want a crack on the jaw?"

Local Talent

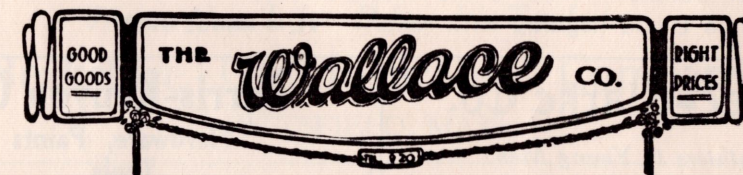
How is that home-brew that you made?

Oh! fine . . . for machine-oil.

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Too bad they're deaf.

First deaf man (seeing another deaf man with fishing pole)—"Goin' fishing'?"

Second deaf man—"No, I'm goin' fishin'."

First deaf man—"Oh, I thought you were goin' fishin'."

Mistake in nationality

Miss Mills—"Are you a Latin student?"

"Bob" Dillon—"No, ma'am, I'm Irish."

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Gerst—"Where does the jelly-fish get his jelly?"
Hillburg—"From the currents in the ocean."

About time

Jennie Collins—"What is the lecture about?"
Virginia Blood (sighing with relief) "It is about over."

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For Stationery, Blank Books,
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Always something to depend on

Recruit (about to take his first trip in an airplane)—What's the para-
chute and prayer-book for?

Officer—"You use the parachute if the plane doesn't work."

Recruit—"Yes, so I thought, but what's the prayer-book for?"

Officer—"You use that if the parachute doesn't work."

Sound Advise

Stranger in Pittsfield—"How can I get to Lenox Avenue?"

Levine—"Take the Pontoosuc Lake car and tell him you wish to get off
at Lenox Avenue and just before you get there, remind him again."

*The "Student's Pen" accepts advertisements
only from reliable firms.*

ADVERTISEMENTS

Economy

Our class treasurer is paying two cents a day while she reads a book entitled "How to save money."

Astonishing

In a city near here on a piece of property where an old and abandoned church stands, a large sign carries the words "Still for sale," revenue agents, take notice.

At least one firm that's honest

"Please 'phone Bumpy Mattress Company before buying a fake mattress elsewhere," is the wording of an advertisement that once attracted much attention.

Who's right?

Two "gentlemen of the road" were once arguing as to which is the more important, the sun or the moon.

Gentleman No. 1 said—"The sun of course.

Gentleman No. 2 wrathfully retorted—"You big boob, what d'ye need de sun for, it's light durin' de day anyways, ain't it?"

Very likely?

Mr. Carey—"Where did you get this essay on "Wood", Poole?"

Poole—"Out of my head."

Mr. Carey—"I thought so."

Why?

A rumor has been heard that some of the girls aren't satisfied with the senior class picture. Why, pray, blame the camera?

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Pittsfield Electric Co.

To See Well ➡➡ Consult FRISSELL at

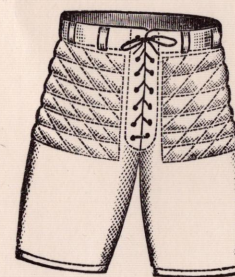
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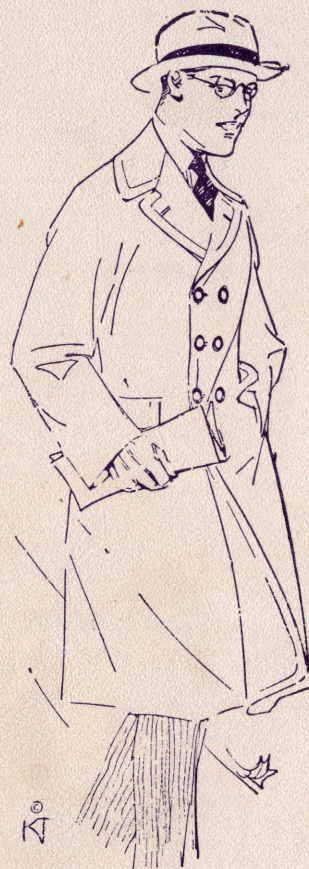
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